

SACRIFICE

135

*Her dark tresses fly in the sky,
sweeping
 away the sun and stars,
 Red streams of blood run
 from far
 cloud-black limbs,
And the world trembles
and cracks
 under her tread.*

Jaising

Do you see the beasts of
sacrifice
coming towards the
temple, driven
by the Queen's attendants ?
(They cry.)
Victory to Mother !
Victory to our
Queen!

Raghupati

Jaising, make haste and
get ready
for the worship.

Jaising

Everything is ready, father.